

Whether

HIGH
AGAIN
12



THE
TRAWNA

MOON

15¢
FINAL

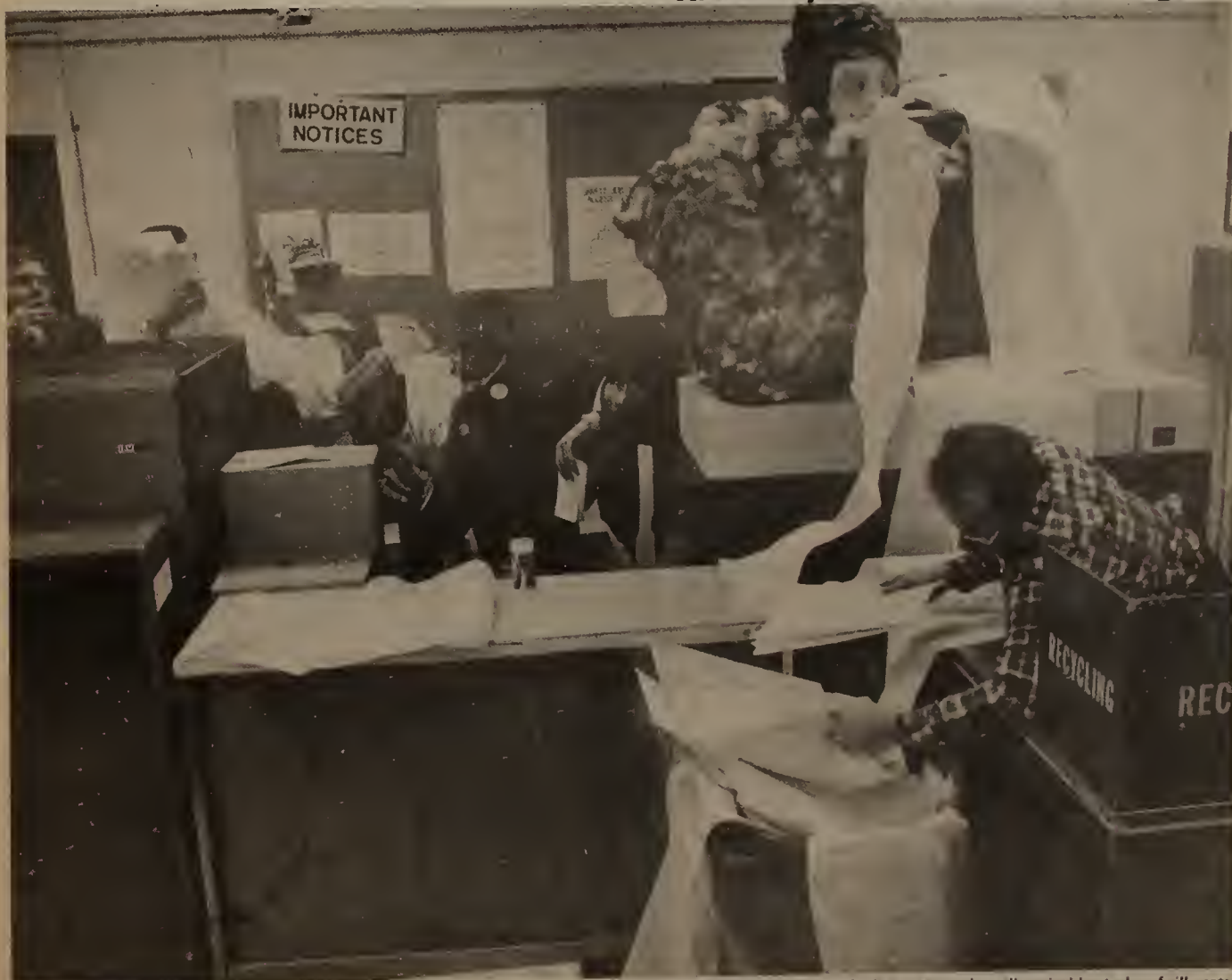
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TRAWNA, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1976

20 PAGES

HATLESS SASQUATCH PONDERES PROGRAMS

Haire Cloy thinks it's about time: Page 19



SURPRISE !

STUNNED SILENCE struck some shocked students stupidly stranded Sunday at six in the Sanford Fleming computer centre, as a strange Sasquatch was seen

stomping steadfastly through the queue and stealing sizable stacks of silly sets of computer cards from crapped programs, sorry to say. The system went down, and the Sasquatch went somewhere else.

**Did top cop
give alcohol
to Mountie ?**

Page 3

SKULE

Eng Sigh Sux
You Can Too

**'Do babies
come from
kissing?'**

Page 24

Witness tells tale of fear

At a recent make up session of the Toike Oike, it was discovered that the Engineering Annex cafeteria had been broken into.

Metro police were brought in to investigate and question the Toike staff. The following dialogue took place.

Scene: Annex cafeteria.

Time: 8:30 P.M.

Date: Saturday Oct. 23, 1976.

Policemen (to approximately 6 members of the Toike staff): What is the address of this establishment?

Members of the staff: "King's College Road" "Yah, no. 10". "No, it's 11". "Well, that door is 11".

Mickey Mouse: "It's 10".

M of the S: Yes, it's horrible when we try to get pizza delivered here.

Policeman: Do you live here?

M of the S: Oh, yes. Definitely.

Policeman: Don't you realize it's Saturday night? You guys are supposed to be out getting drunk or having fun or something. Why don't you at least have any beer in here?

M of the S: (general laughter)

Policemen: Who owns this property?

M of the S: University of Toronto.

Policemen: Are you students here?

M of the S: Yes.

Policeman: What do you study, journalism?

M of the S: (general laughter) Yes.

Police: What time was anyone here until last night?

M of the S: 11:00 P.M.

Police: What time do they lock up here at night?

M of the S: Oh, about 10:00.

Police: Then how do you guys get down here at 11:00?

M of the S: Well, we take the freight elevator, but that's another story.

Another M of the S: (to policeman) We'd like your name for an article for our newspaper.

Police: Jack Smith, no fixed address.

M of the S: We could send the BFC to investigate.

Police: The BF What?

M of the S: Oh, it's a mythical organization that doesn't exist, never did exist and never will exist.

Another M of the S: Of course it exists! I am the BFC.



A VICIOUS milk machine bit a Metro Police officer while startled bystanders watched in horror. The machine was later destroyed by Metro Police after tests revealed that the machine had rabies. Officer Smith is now receiving a series of rabies shots at Toronto General Hospital.

Policeman: (scratches his head in confusion)

M of the S: What about the LGMB?

Policeman: (scratches other parts of his body in confusion)

M of the S: (to another honourable member) Who are you?

Another M of the S: I'm the other 1/3 of the Owen Sound Bach Quartet.

Another M of the S: Oh, great! All 3/3 of the Owen Sound Bach Quartet are here!

Policeman: (visibly suffering)

Mickey Mouse: (clueless, smiles helplessly)

The case of the Annex break-in has puzzled the boys at Station House 52 ever since that fateful night. Questions still remain unanswered. Who broke into the Annex? Why did he pile the glass under the stairs? And what were the journalism students doing without beer on a Saturday night?

Chairman worked for what she got

The Ninth Congress of Canadian Engineering Students will be held in Winnipeg, Manitoba, from January 5th to 8th, 1977. As usual, the University of Toronto Engineering Society will be sending a delegation.

The CCES has always been a fantastic opportunity to

meet with engineering students from all across Canada, to discuss the specific theme of the conference as well as "other matters" and to generally have a great time.

This is an invitation to become part of our delegation. Delegates will have to participate in two activi-

ties: (a) assisting in the preparation of paper on the conference theme of ENERGY OUR LIFE BLOOD: TECHNOLOGY AND ECONOMICS and (b) working on the fund-raising drive.

Anyone interested? Leave a note in the Professional Development Mailbox 2nd Floor Engineering Annex.

MOONflashes

Chicken Abuse

Police have charged a former mental patient with mistreating a rubber chicken after a floppy rubber chicken was forced to perform unnatural acts with a silver trumpet by a man holding it hostage in front of Slave Auction bugeyes early this week.

The rubber chicken required two stitches and one plastic egg to restore its composure. Charged in connection with the incident is an unnamed Bnad member, of no fixed address long enough for them to catch up with him.

U of T Profs Revolting

And so is Louis Auger. If you happened to go to last weekend's game you know what we mean. (He didn't really puke in your tuba, Jin, he was just practising.) But that's another story.

Teachers in this institution want to be recognized for their great contributions (remember how badly it stinks in the staff cans?). They feel that their efforts to educate we ignorant masses have been thwarted by the administration and its blinkard philistine pig attitudes. They feel that the teachers control the means of production, and that they should be recognized by the imperialist bourgeoisie establishment. After all, where would we be without our beloved Profs, those propounders of knowledge and excreters of statistics. Think of how dull your lectures would be without the profs of 7T?

Twist of the tongue

OTTAWA (GUPI) - A twenty-three year old man appeared in Provincial Court here today, charged with indecently assaulting several women in the Labour ward of the J. Elmer Fudd Memorial Hospital in downtown Ottawa. Police alleged they caught the suspect

'red-handed' as he prepared to leave an examining room. Appearing in court to answer to the charges was Nipper Titsoff an Engineering student, of no fixed address.

Titsoff pleaded guilty before Judge Isaac Cox, and was sentenced to nine months of hard labour.

Crunch meeting for zoo

A self-perpetuating monster takes over

When Metro H. Zoosoo director announced today that a new source of funds was found for the near defunct show, Macdonald H. Land Mayor H. MacCheese said he knew nothing about it.

Shit! It appears that the good Macmayor can't get it together with his staff. In a press conference the other day chairman Ronald H. Macdonald outlined his plans for supplying the animals with Zoosoomals as a method for reducing costs by eliminating the need for expensive food such as meat.

His "master macplan" for naking the zoosoo solvent included firing the entire staff

and having the place run instead by the Ham H. Burgler and Captain H. Crook. The menu offered arctic shakes for the polar bears and fillet-o-fish to the seals. However, he emphatically denies all reports to the effect that his fish burgers taste like crabs (or any other kind of seafood for that matter).

Of course it would be unfair to accuse Macdonalds of attempting to control the zoosoo. After all, this is only a public statement. What the running dog lackies of the imperialist established governing body fail to realize is that they must treat this matter with impartiality and a non-

biased outlook. After all, the promoters of the Macdonald H. Land would be doing us a favour taking over this white elephant (so to speak).

The thing is a flop, face it. There just isn't enough in the way of amusement for even the average artsie involved in the art of progressive beast-

ality to stay interested. Letting a fine example of the modern business community such as Macdonald H. Land show the bureaucratic incompetents their job would serve to all of us a lesson in good economic practice—knowing where to kiss and when—known by all persons with marks above eighty.

TOIKE OIKE

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MOONlines

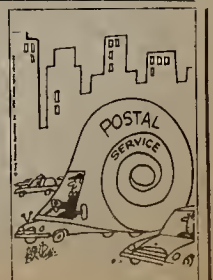
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WEATHER

Rain high 5
Tomorrow: Cloudy with
chance of showers, high 6.
RECORDED HIGHS
Vancouver 14, Ed-
monton 11, Winnipeg 8,
Montreal 5, Moncton 7, St.
John's 6, Toronto 7.
Hot Spot: Victoria 16.



Frog festival jumping

The newest addition to the large group of U of T sponsored organizations is the Capitalist Club. This group rivals the Trotskyist league in the frequency of its fervent denunciations of the Marxist-Leninist Party. The basic philosophy of the group is "Money, money, money" and they pursue it vigorously. Most of the members are currently enrolled in Industrial Engineering, but they have visions of a wide campus support, especially from the Commerce Department. The Commies, however, are less than enthusiastic and see the Club's existence as a threat to their Bullshevik meanderings. Despite (or maybe to spite) their mindless babblings, the Capitalist Club is continuing undaunted, and have arranged numerous club visits, the first of which will be a tour of the Winnipeg Mint to count quarters. The Capitalist Club are also arranging a tour of Pitfield, McKay and Ross, just to show their pocket-felt support. Anyone wishing to join this organization should drop in by the Industrial Engineering Common Room anytime on a Monday or Friday. (Converted Trotskyists especially welcome!)

'Comedy of errors' in kidnap caper—RCMP



THE CAPER WENT WRONG

Apology doesn't end flounders

ATHENS (GUP!)—Canadian tourists visiting Greece have recently reported an alarming rise in the incidence of thigh staring in this historic country. Long known to be a common occurrence in the area, it has only recently become a serious concern for the traveller.

Over the past few years, matters have appeared to be getting out of hand. In a few extreme cases, matters have actually gotten into hand as well. The Canadian government has started an intensive program of tourist warning in



Canadian thighs.

an attempt to alleviate the problem.

However, it still comes as a surprise to many. Arlene Bondarchuk (who wishes to remain anonymous) states, "I swear the men have never seen a woman's thighs. They all keep staring at me as if I had no clothes on. Even the old ladies give me odd stares."

The problem is not restricted to only female tourists, either, but the Greek government claims to be looking into the matter.

Stores Announcement

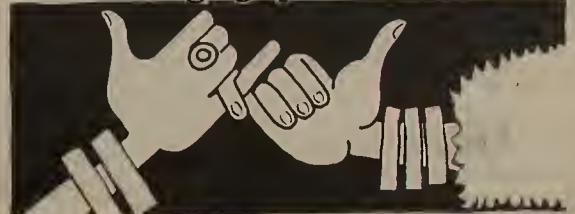
Engineering T-shirts are now available in the Engineering Stores in sizes S - M - L - XL.

Also on hand are Eng. Soc. and B.F.C. decals, (with lots of nice colours) for half a dollar.

NEXT TOIKE MAKE-UP

The next Toike make-up will be held on November 13th. Its Christmas issue time and Flash may be editor.

Getting a grip on Greekdom



Gosh Guys, have you been missing out on some real swell events over on Madison? Have you always wanted to feel really like a part of something 'in' and something 'secret'. Well, now you can and its as easy as boogie-woogie-eight-to-the-bar. That's right, start your own Frat!! No longer will you feel left out at those nifty parties or be unable to shake your brothers hand in that gut-feeling brotherhood scooby-do-wah fashion.

So cheer up all you neglected guys and gals! Using the following guide to secret fraternity and sorority handshakes, you too can start up your very own clique. Know what its like to belong. Simply pick at random, three Greek letters (or two in some cases), select an appropriate handshake or make one up yourself, and initiate someone. As soon as you get a member or two, get their money, buy a house, throw big parties. It's 'hat simple!!!

FRATERNITIES

Alpha Delta Phi: Clasp right hands and, with left hand, grip the forearm of your brother. Squeeze both hands simultaneously three times. It is not absolutely necessary to grip the forearm unless you are feeling particularly brotherly.

Zeta Psi: Separate little finger to form a V. Interconnect with V on proffered hand. Squeeze. Release. Reclasp in regular handshake. Squeeze. Release.

Phi Delta Theta: Shake hands; first Phi squeezes three times with his

thumb; second Phi responds with three squeezes of his fingertips.

Delta Upsilon: Just shake hands. DUs don't have a secret handshake, nor any secret initiation ceremonies. This was considered very progressive in 1955.

Kappa Alpha (the most secretive of all the frats): Half-link index fingers, curl other fingers underneath and cover the whole ceremony with your left hand, as does your partner, to prevent anyone from seeing what you are doing!

Beta Theta Pi: Grip hand with index finger pointed up. Press inside wrist once. Release.

Sigma Nu: Grip hand, give two squeezes of thumb, pause and give one squeeze with thumb. (Significance: duality turning into unity.) Nu Eta Ro Delta: Bend slightly to the right, lift right leg, put right arm under right leg and reach out for the hand of your brother. With thumb pointing at the ground, grasp your partner's four fingers. Cross left hand over your interlocked hands. Shake his hand twice and tickle his knee three times simultaneously. Kiss passionately. Release.

SORORITIES

Gamma Phi: Interlock little fingers. Don't pump, just hold.

Kappa Kappa Gamma: Separate index and middle finger from last two fingers, forming a V. Interlock.

Delta Gamma: Clasp hands with index and middle finger pointing up to wrist on pulse. Press twice.

JOHN CLOWNING



To All Engineering Society & Faculty Council Reps
You all have copies of the meeting dates for the Eng. Soc. If you do not have this, you should at least possess a copy of our Calendar. There is a great concern that all students in Engineering are not represented properly and that their interests are overlooked. If you haven't been attending meetings please begin to do so. If you are using "Class Rep" on job applications and we have no record of your attendance (or proxy), you'd better hope the company you're applying to doesn't ask for a recommendation. If the Engineering Society is going to continue on in its successes we need your support, so come out to meetings; if you're elected it is your duty.

To All Engineering Students

Bug your class reps (both Eng. Soc. and Faculty Council). Make sure they go to meetings. If there are no class announcements by them, then get after them—they are not doing their jobs for you.

To All Fourth Year Engineers

The Career Counselling & Placement Centre people are concerned that there aren't enough applications going in for on campus interviews. A lot of deadlines are already passed. If you think you'll get a job by applying next April—forget it. There are very few companies which hire at that time. If not enough applications go in, the companies may not bother with U of T again; so you're hurting future graduate engineers as well as yourselves. Remember that this isn't the only engineering school around, and that Toronto Engineers are not in that great a demand.



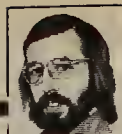
UPDATE (no, not the U of T kind)

(Gupi)—One source interviewed said that it was the pits. Others thought that it was the greatest thing to happen to the aesthetically pleasing architecture in years. Still others didn't know what they thought since they couldn't hear themselves think.

The F!rosh dance came and went and wasn't reported. The group was Crack of Dawn who refused to play two of their four sets since they were watching themselves on TV. The hard hat contest was boring since the only contender was Bonnie. Pegor didn't bring his alligator and all the Eng. Sci. entries were automatically eliminated, receiving—values on the applause meter.

Still Bored!

SLANDER



Maybe we all should have stayed in bed. I was hanging around the Engineering Stores the other day, and I heard enough to make my ears ring for the next three months. Naturally, everyone denies everything, except those who don't. And if you think that that's confusing, you should try it yourself.

The guy in the bar says his Aunt Edna was given a parrot by his brother who was in the Navy. It was a Norwegian Blue (beautiful plumage, eh?) but unfortunately, for her, it used the foulest language. So anyway, she decided to take up the problem with her pastor. Well, it seems the pastor had a parrot of his own. It seems that this bird was very devout, and spent all its time praying. "Oh yeh?" asks Eddie the waiter. "Honest." So the pastor suggested they bring the two birds together, put them in one cage, and hope that a little of the bird's religion will rub off on the other. "Or feathers," says Eddie. "Don't interrupt." The next day the meeting was arranged and the parrots gave each the once-over from opposite corners of the cage. "My Aunt has a round cage," says Eddie. "Shut up, dammit!" So it seemed that all would go well, until suddenly Aunt

Edna's bird screeched, "How about it, gorgeous?" The pastor's parrot looked startled for a moment, and then said, "Sure, big boy — what the Hell do you think I've been praying for?" Honestly, this guy swears it's the truth. "Bull," says Eddie. "No, really it did happen." "Really?" "Yup." "Amazing," replies Eddie, "what're you drinking?"

Seen a seven foot sasquatch around the university lately? All kinds of reports have been filtering in. Over a dozen people reported seeing one during the Homecoming parade, though it may have been a nurse in disguise. Latest reports have it that Jan was actually attacked and mauled by one in her office the other day. She staggered out of her room covered in scratches and fluff. So what? you ask. I agree.

A well stacked blonde walked up to the floor manager in a large downtown department store. "Pardon me," she said, "but do you have notions on this floor?" "Yes, miss," he replied, taking in all her plentiful physical assets, "but we have to suppress them during business hours."

The woman at the bar was talking about her sex life. She says that guys who ask her what she would say if they stole a kiss are like the guy who had a chance at a Cadillac and took only the windshield wiper.

Those light-hearted Engineers have done it again. They held a so-called Slave Auction the other day, and raised a thousand bucks for some charity or other. But what the fans really wanted to see was flesh — and they got it. For some strange reason, the strippers did not want pictures taken. Fat chance. The show went on as usual and everybody left happy. Except maybe Scott, who bid fifty dollars for the first stripper before she even started, but had to go home empty handed. Better luck next year!

"He's the type of guy that you just want to put your arms around and cuddle . . . like a teddy bear . . . adorable . . ." These are actual quotes about Flash, the well known Toike (official) editor. What goes on in the Toike office? Only the darkness knows, but JM, JZ, DS, LG, BL, KW, and ER all think he's a pretty sexy guy. Eric never felt the

urge to find out. ***

A couple of ladies of leisure walked into the cocktail lounge and sat at the bar. Without even being asked, Eddie serves them their favorite brands of beer. "How'd you know what we wanted?" asked one of the girls. "Aw, I'm just a smart waiter," says Eddie. "Baloney!" says the other, "You just guessed!" "Oh yeh," says Eddie, "see that guy with the scruffy beard who just came in? He'll want a scotch on the rocks. Now watch, I'll ask him." Sure enough, the guy in the beard orders a scotch over ice. The girls are astonished. The next time he passes them, Eddie winks and says, "I'm a smart waiter — you'd better believe it!" Anyway, a little while later things are slow and Eddie comes back for a chat. "Look," he asks confidentially, "I've always wanted to ask this question — do prostitutes ever get pregnant?" The girls are surprised again. "Certainly we do!" snaps one. "Where do you think smart bartenders come from?" squelches the other. "Amazing," says Eddie, "what're you drinking?"

And the worm turns.



MOONShine Girl
of the month

Our photographers had a really HARD time in picking this month's finalist. Now it's up to you, the readers, to pick this month's MOONShine Girl of the month winner.



Cost of dying 'much too high'

TRAWNA (GUP) — It was revealed today that the record-breaking lousy weather that has battered this city this summer is directly linked to the CN tower.

Doctor Hine Pointy of the Institute for Looking Way Way Up (ILWU) in Streetsville presented conclusive evidence to prove that the tower has totally modified local weather conditions.

At a crowded press conference in outer Don Mills earlier today, he accused the tower of trapping masses of nasty air and holding them over the city in an attempt to drive all the occupants out of the city.

He claimed that the tower, or "That Big Pointy Thing" as it is commonly known, is actually part of an insidious plot by the Greater Lackawana Tourist Region

Chamber of Commerce (GLTRCC) to boost the tourist trade in the North Tonawanda resort region.

Pointy pointed out that the needle-sharp tip of the tower is designed to pierce any air mass that tries to pass. The tip, he added, is so sharp that most air masses (which are notoriously insensitive) would not feel themselves being impaled from the bottom. Thus, as exhausted air mass would find it impossible to escape the city without tearing itself to shreds.

Pointy explained that a frustrated air mass is known to be extremely dangerous, and should not be provoked. He cited a case in 1964, when a cooling air mass from the North Atlantic became trapped over downtown London by the pointy sounds coming from an early Beatles concert. The trapped

air mass, further aggravated by the smell of the Thames and the proximity of France, went berserk and caused detectable injuries and boredom. Damage was estimated in the 29 cent range.

The trouble in Trawna is similar but more insidious, Pointy continued. Because of the extreme sharpness of the tower, the air mass is at first unaware that it is indeed trapped. Therefore, it assumes it is under attack by a large octopus and takes appropriate defensive action.

The net result is lousy weather. Questioning by reporters revealed that the Greater Lackawana Tourist Region Chamber of Commerce has for the past ten years been conducting secret tests of air mass piercing at a remote base in the Adirondacks. He secret tests of air mass piercing at a

remote base in the Adirondacks. He claimed that the GLTRCC had infiltrated the Trawna City Council and pushed through plans to build the tower as a "communications and tourist centre". However, the tower's actual purpose was in fact to drive tourists away from the

city due to lousy weather.

The GLTRCC reasoned that the result would be a tourist influx, boosting the area's MacDonalds profits, and thus indirectly aiding the mad Rockefeller brothers in their plans for world domination.



Trade one of the best for Scott

Over the summer a trade was made between the Engineering Society and the faculty for the two tutorial rooms on the second floor of the Engineering Annex. In exchange the Society relinquished use of the 3rd floor common room in the Galbraith Building. The Engineering Society has gained approximately 800 sq. ft. of use-

ful common room space, and the faculty now has a tutorial room away from the noise of the Annex. The new common room has been repainted and the old furniture from GB303 has been refinished. Acoustic baffles hung from the ceiling give the effect of a lower ceiling and reduce the echo in the room. Carpeting has been installed and its installa-

tion will be the completion of the renovations in this year's budget. Originally \$6,000 was budgeted for the renovation but the expected cost is \$8,000. The difference will be made up from advertising profits from this year's frosh handbook. The common room may be booked by the clubs and other organisations within the Society

by seeing Jan at the Stores and filling out the appropriate forms. As of yet, the common room is NOT licenced but everything possible is being done to get it licenced as soon as possible.

It is hoped that having the common room close to the Eng Soc offices will encourage greater participation in the Engineering Society.

NORM TITTS' MOONshine Boy Girl Person



BEATING THE WAY into our hearts, Coco Rico is today's MOONshine Boy Girl Person. Coco is a performer and just loves to ride anything that moves.

Shit, what the hell am I going to write about today? Every goddamn day they expect me to sit down and just whip off three or four thousand words.

I mean, really — they only pay me enough to barely survive on, too.

All the lousy photographers have to do is go out shooting girls with big tits all day.

Sometimes they even take a camera.

I guess I was just born lucky.

I mean, I haven't been laid for so long that I'm on a first name basis with my right hand.

And all those nurses they get to meet!

Everybody wants to meet Paul Rimjob, the famous newspaper writer.

Then when they meet me in person, they always say something stupid or nasty or both.

Like, "Who's the short jerk?"

Or, "Look at the pot on that slob!"

Or something worse.

Jeez I feel terrible.

I drank more last night than any two or three nurses I know. Maybe four.

And why do I always go out and get these goddamn hangovers?

Because I'm trying to get material for all these stupid columns, that's why.

You think it's easy writing about your constipation for more than one week in a row?

Or what your dog did on the rug?

Christ. Even I get bored after a while.

But enough of this bitching for a while. I know what I can do — I can write about this stupid column.

Have you ever wondered why I write like this?

One sentence to a paragraph?

Fuck, if you had to fill a third of a page every day you'd put in as much blank space as possible too.

Besides, it makes it easier to read for all the cretins (I looked that one up, can't say I never do research) who read this every day.

Sometimes I feel even more sorry for them than for me.

PAUL RIMJOB



But then, it serves them right.

I mean, how many times can you write about your ex-wife, or bullshit about jazz, or your hangover of the week.

I should have gone into Engineering like my mother said.

At least then I could have learned to speak Chinese.

Or at least eavesdrop in it.

Not to mention the chances to meet all those girls — the nurses, the nurses, and the nurses.

I mean, I've heard stories that would straighten out your curls!

Those guys have it really easy.

All that fun, and they don't have to work.

They just sit around guzzling booze all day, and making out all night.

And don't think I'm not an expert.

I happen to be a member of the LGMB and the Oike

Take.

That's part of engineering at U of T.

The LGMB is the Lady Godiva Marching Band, and they let me play with them sometimes.

As long as I don't touch my drums.

Boy is it ever fun!

And all those nurses they have...

And I'm also a member of the Oike Take staff (I think that's how you spell it).

That's their newspaper.

It's a hell of a lot better than the Moon, because they don't expect you to fill a goddamn third of a page every day.

In fact, I don't think I EVER wrote anything for them.

But I like telling people I'm a staff member.

They gave me a neat certificate once.

And those makeups they have — like, wow!

I never went to one, but I've heard stories...

And all those nurses they have.

Big, fleshy ones.

And nice, small ones.

Oh, wow.

Last night I thought I was really in for the big times.

Little did I know.

I picked up this lesbian.

Well, how could you tell?

I took her (?) up to my room, and we argued, all night over who had the right to do what, with which, and to whom.

Look at that — even poetry!

Away, away with the life and drum...

How much more do I have to write anyway?

This reminds me of those goddamn English essays.

No wonder I always flunked writing.

I guess I should put in my usual sentence that is so long that it almost looks like a regularly sized, normal type paragraph so people think I'm smart, except they're such a fucking pain in the ass that I really can't be fucking bothered about it.

But the boss insists.

Slave driver.

It's just not worth it.

None of it.

I've had it with the abuse, the bitching, all the pain in the ass.

The stealing of lousy limericks claiming I wrote them.

I've had enough of this bugging around.

(It leaves a lousy taste in your mouth.)

I just can't take it any more.

I've got my goddamn stupid beer commercials to

support me. I don't have to work.

Not that I drink beer anyway.

Oh God, do I ever want a nurse!

But that's it — I quit.

I never wanted to be a writer anyway.



Toronto's Other Vice

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ROB YATES, Ass Editor
POCO, Managing Editor
OWEN KURIN, Business Manager
ERIC HARTWELL, REAL Editor

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One more flip-flop

Have you ever awoken in a cold sweat realizing that it is highly probable that you are missing out on two of the best things in life?

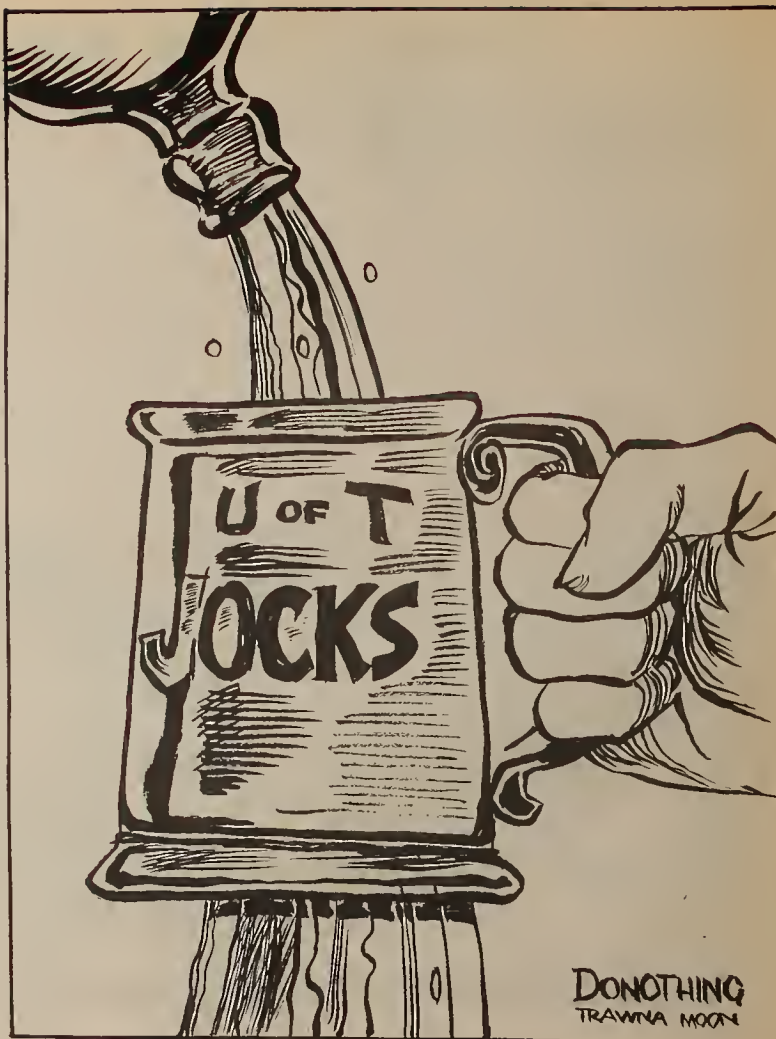
Yes, we're talking about big tits. Not just your average everyday run of the mill plain ordinary tits but gargantuan swaying in the breeze blockbusters. God, I love tits. As almost everybody realizes, tits come in all different shapes sizes and colours. To the owner of a pair, tits can be either a constant source of pride or the proverbial albatross around the neck so to speak.

Consider if you will the person with a smallish well developed set. To some, these globes represent the pinnacle of perfection while to others they are nothing more than a mid-afternoon snack. Granted, smaller breasts do have their moments when they are tastfully appointed with perfect nipples but by and large, and I do mean large, these carriers of malignant cancerous cells pale in the shadow of even the most mundane of the really large size balloons.

A truly hefty set of lungs is a marvel to behold. It can literally drive the breath right out of you! It can cause an immediate swelling in the beholder's pride not to mention the owner's ego. In all honesty, have you ever seen a woman with a great set of garbanzas not take pride in the instruments she owns which could drive a man insane with desire? Not likely.

Aside from the aesthetic beauty of big tits, they are of immense practical value to their owner. For example, where could anyone hope to find a better place to stand a glass of milk while lying in bed watching television?, or more comfortable arm rests?

Really, to know big tits is to love them and to be able to partake of their beauty and feel the heft of their weight in your hands is one of the wonders of the universe.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

My Dear Sir:

It was with considerable interest, and not a little dismay, that I read your most recent edition, publicizing the fact you plan to put out another Trawna Moon.

If I recall, (and I do), the first 'Moon' shone in the spring of 1974 when I myself, U. Rinal, was wont to pen a few lines for the inauspicious Toike. At that time, we featured such luminaries as Paul Dumstead, McKenzie Farter and Bratt Meltiday. I trust this issue will contain further words of wisdom from these jack-in-the-boxes of journalism. And what about Lesley-the-Colle Rapchack? Will he be there too? And how about Mario (Ripoff) Vasikovs? (Former Stores manager). And I do not think you can put together a proper Trawna Moon without the kind assistance of pseudo-psychologist Mike Wyganowski, (Toike Editor, '73-'74, for those of you whose memories are pitifully short).

By the by, I would like to know if it is true that the Great Root Burpee has had a lobotomy? If not, it should be your sworn duty to see that he gets one, post-haste, as we in the humus business say. I think more effort should be put into suggesting new uses for Dead Budgies, instead reliance on all this pseudo-Monty Python crap that you chaps seem so bent on exploiting.

So there!
As ever,

U. Rinal
3rd door along, behind the hot water pipes.

(Monty who?)

Dear Editor,

It was 'occurred' to me this week that my Mastheadism of last ish could be potentially hazardous to my health. (Even more so than POCO). Therefore, to all Doug W. fans, I must explain that it was Doug Pickett I was thanking, for processing almost the entire mountain of Oktoberfest film.

Your umble servant,
Graham Wideman.

(He lens a hand!)

Dear Editor,

Being somewhat new at this, I'm confused. Who are you? I really can't figure it out. One minute you have red hair and the next its black. Not only that, but one minute you're talking about Ferraris like they're related to you and the next all I get is lines like 'Fuck Mosport'.

Are there two of you? Or is it just that your middle name is Eric? Or is it Al?

Well, who ever you are, why don't you do something about those giggly girls; give them some milk, and they just take advantage of you; day, and I'm sure that I failed and then they giggle and its miserably. And so I don't feel tee hee this and snicker so good. Of course, you realize, I'm on about how so-and-only writing this stuff so was or is and how because someone called wouldn't or didn't or didn't YOTES ran into the Stores want to, and then they call yelling "Write a letter to a meeting, and they giggle. editor! We've got a space this I'm not sure who's paper big to fill." And so, I'm this, but I hope the ad-trying my best. I'd do dress is right, and I suppose anything (well, almost it must be, I mean its pretty anything) for you, Flash. I

hard to get it wrong when you have a choice, which reminds me, if I have a choice, then can I choose who gets to be editor next issue?

Never a willow.

Yours,

The Ass Ed

(I am the editor, I think, just a second, let me ask Hartwell...)

Dear Blondie,

From one goil to an udder, I jus wanna say dat I betta not se no pitchers o' my ass spreads all over dat lousy rag dgouse engineers call a paper. I told dat Mr. Hartwell Oike I dint want no fotos and I ment no fotos. My boy-friend Rocky (pant wheez) says he's gonna niakle sure H.O. gets taken down to size if dere is.

Love and bounces.

Flossy.

(Cand Flossy?)

Dearest Ed:

I wrote a midterm yesterday, and I'm sure that I failed and then they giggle and its miserably. And so I don't feel tee hee this and snicker so good. Of course, you realize, I'm on about how so-and-only writing this stuff so was or is and how because someone called wouldn't or didn't or didn't YOTES ran into the Stores want to, and then they call yelling "Write a letter to a meeting, and they giggle. editor! We've got a space this I'm not sure who's paper big to fill." And so, I'm this, but I hope the ad-trying my best. I'd do dress is right, and I suppose anything (well, almost it must be, I mean its pretty anything) for you, Flash. I

couldn't believe that no one writes letters to you. Maybe if you promised to reply to all fan mail, people would be more inclined to write. But, right now, I'm writing, so what more could you ask for? Recently, I have become quite practiced at writing letters. Ask Eric or Jan or Ellen or even Scott, although he might have forgotten.

Did you know that a quantity is the property of things as regarded as being measurable specified or considerable amounts? That's not my line.

I'm not going to sign this, because if you haven't figured out who wrote it yet, you don't deserve to know. But I think you do, and I'll always remember that thirty-two minutes and seven seconds in a laundry room at New College.

Not-Signed with love and kisses. (Remember, in the bell curve of life, one, two, three strikes doesn't always mean you're out.)

Dear Male Chauvinist Pig Editor:

I've had it up to here with being ignored by you and your staff of sexist flunkies. Why don't you ever depict the women in engineering as having as much fun as the males of this fling faculty? Well, almost never—you did acknowledge the existence of the CTGJimL, but that was probably an oversight on your part. Don't you think that we have other diversions besides problem sets and exams and needlepoint? I

betcha I could drink any nurse under the table... well some nurses anyway. Let's hear it for the women in engineering!

Not Me

(My table or yours?)

Dear Editor (Flash):

I haven't ever written a letter to the editor (although I've written letters/notes/memos to almost everyone else) and I'm not going to.

But since you insist, here goes:

OH WOW

I don't believe it, and I'll deny everything anyway.

Thanks.

-K.

(EVERYTHING indeed.)

Dear Editor,

No wonder everybody is confused. With all these so-called editors wandering around, a body never knows who to turn to. But the one who knows what to do is it. In other words, what I'm trying to say is that the editor is whoever edits and puts the stupid paper together. OK? I don't know how I could put it much clearer.

The real editor is ME, and that is what I am too. So stop all this nonsense and let's get back to work, for Dammit's sake!

ME

(Don't you Dammit me...well whatever you say.)

Dear Editor,
I protest!

(Want to see my Mosport slides?)

LETTER OF THE DAY

Dear Mr. Picknell,

In reply to your letter of September 27th, I shall be pleased to accept your apology on behalf of the Engineering students and your offer of reimbursement for damages due to the September 16th incident.

Enclosed is a statement obtained from Avenue Collision Centre pertaining to the work on my car, KMQ 403, completed on September 27th. (Work Order No. 30184) The total cost which included

taking out the windshield in order to knock out the dents in the roof plus repainting the roof was \$180.40

Thank you.
Yours sincerely,

Joan C. Hulmston. (Miss)

(That's really good to hear. We hope you enjoy the party - hut may we suggest that you be more careful in future? After all, getting your car knocked up can be serious.)

LOUIS F. BUCKLEY



In the past student faculty council representatives have been content to quietly sit on the council without providing any truly significant input. These days are gone forever. Last Wednesday's committee appointments are designed to put responsible and effective people on the committees of most importance. The engineering society has also directed faculty council reps in each class to determine the class's feeling in regards to the establishment of a reading week in future years. If the expected support was present for such a proposal a formal presentation would be made to the committee on Undergraduate studies. It must be remembered though that approval for such a proposal would also require large scale support from the academic staff.

It has often been noted that while there are thirty student representatives on the faculty council no one knows what the body is doing or has done. This problem stems from three principal sources: first, there are only two full council meetings a year thus the representatives can really only make two reports a year, secondly, committee meetings deal mainly with items of a particular concern to specific areas of interest and in many cases the student rep may not be from that area, and thirdly, but most significant is the fact that most student reps are too damn lazy to attend committee or even full council meetings. For this there can be no excuse, especially when one recalls the resolution adopted by the Council... 'Undergraduate members of the Faculty Council shall be excused, without academic penalty, from laboratory periods which conflict with meetings of council.'

The meeting this Thursday is most significant as it will establish a new Academic Appeals Committee which will have the final decision as far as this faculty is concerned to deal with all academic appeals and a new system of evaluation and promotion regulations will be established. Of major significance in these regulations will be the raising of the marks required for Honour Graduation.

'Graduation with Honours is granted to students who achieve a term average of B+ (77%) or better in each of their final two terms and in any two terms of second or third year.'

Students should be reminded that, by a recent ruling of Governing Council, grade reports distributed to students shall contain only the letter grades for individual courses. Numerical recording within the faculty will continue as well as reporting of the term average rounded to the nearest percent.

On all of these issues there does not and should not exist an official student policy. You have elected your representatives to represent your classes views. It is up to you and your classmates to let your feelings be known to your rep. If not, you must rely on his or her judgement. This year's first full Faculty Council Meeting is today, THURSDAY OCTOBER 28th at 2:00 in the Council Chamber, GB202. The meetings are not closed but only the elected representatives may vote. Should you have any questions, ask your rep (it may help to keep him on his toes) or feel free to ask me. The directive has been fulfilled.

Louis Auger
Executive Engineering Society
Faculty Council Representative



LUBOR J. ZANK

We are not amused...

The affront that human dignity must suffer knows no bounds. Spouting their Marxist-Leninist-pseudo-Maoist dung, the leaders of the Soviet Tolarian States continue to sink to ever lower depths. Even in the bedroom, the citizens of these countries are subject to political manipulations of the most sordid type.

Consider the matter of sexual freedom. In the free countries of the world we generally recognize that the healthy socio-economic order is based on the integrity of the family. Only in the family can real freedom of spirit be fostered. Marx (a sexual fanatic himself) tried to do away with the family, and encouraged other modes of parent-child behaviour. The proof of the pudding is that the communists reinstated the family, and left the illusion of sexual freedom. Meanwhile the state has done nothing to aid the would-be lovers: housing is extremely difficult to get so that children live with their parents until and sometimes beyond the marriage, making sex before marriage almost impossible.

The whole of Soviet communism is based on exploiting the sex drive of the people. Consider Lenin. How could a man who said "a worker should work with no thought of his own benefit, but purely for the benefit to the state" ever get to be the main interpreter and implementer of Marx's writings? The way he did it was to lay all the ladies of Moscow, and with his prowess persuade them to persuade their men of the virtues of himself as the

Great Head.

The days beyond Lenin showed no improvement. Consider the prison camps of the Archipelego Gulag type. Here prisoners of all types are forced to degrade themselves to a common low level by sharing the same worm infected plank bed. Fagginess is a terrible crime over there and here the prisoners are forced into the role of a final degradation.

I myself have witnessed the suffering of some of these poor wretches. When at last they escape or are released from their internment, a vast majority attempt to flee for safer and saner pastures. Those who remain are beyond help, poor souls. But those who do indeed make good the dash for freedom find adaptation to be difficult, if not impossible in our Trudeacratia society where nobody seems to care. Well I do, fellas.

An example of current manipulation comes from Czechoslovakia. Here the government has decreed that a larger labour force is needed, and no birth control information is disseminated to women until they have had their share of kids. Due to the increasing number of pregnant students, male and female interaction has been reduced to the absolute minimum, only the classes are coed. It sounds healthy (that's the way it is at Loretto) but again it shows the underhanded deviousness of the government by imposing measures to serve only itself. The decay of the Western countries is

Little guys with dirty hands

The newspaper business is really a strange thing. At times it can seem to be one of the most interesting and useful pastimes you could ever imagine. At others, you begin to wonder why you ever got involved in the first place.

The Trawna MOON is one of those things that is a mixture of the best and the worst. It's a great theme (with certain reservations, detailed later), it's of interest to most Toike readers, and it's one hell of a lot of work. We decided at the beginning of the year that we had the resources and (he says, modestly) the talent to do it properly. It has been four years since the previous MOON; since then both the SUN and the Toike have changed a great deal.

The Toike started out long ago as the Engineers' newspaper. It was filled with factual reports of Skule events and sports, along with a smattering of humour and interest articles. As time went on and the Varsity grew into its present overextended form, the need for a strictly news paper diminished. How can the Toike, with publication once every three weeks, compete with the Varsity three times a week? Obviously, by printing the news that the Varsity ignores.

However, there is another function that the Toike can fulfil far better than the Varsity ever could, or indeed any other campus paper ever has. This is to appear as a journal or magazine, with a significant emphasis on entertainment.

The Toike has somewhat unique problem as a newspaper; it is written and published purely by amateurs for their own enjoyment. Nobody is paid to write for the Toike; neither are the editors paid for the privilege of skipping all their classes and learning to go without sleep for a week at a time. On top of all that, most of the writers are, naturally, engineers - among the people with the least amount of spare time. We have often had complaints that there is not enough 'serious stuff' in the Toike; we never get enough to print. It's not the sort of thing you expect to have slipped under the door, and if you try to assign someone to write a particular story, you run into a real pain. Either you're told to fuck off directly, or the 'reporter' shows up three days after the deadline to tell you he had a problem set due. As if that's not enough, a large number of engineers seem to be functionally illiterate.

We've said it before, and we'll say it N! times again - if you don't have the time to do it your way, then don't bitch!



"Gee, what nice wool you have."

PETER WORRIEON



Since the last MOON, the Toike has gone through four editors, sets of staff members, annual identity crises, and continuous change. The paper is influenced by the editors and the writers/creators they attract; the editors are influenced by what has gone before and by the current mood of the Engineering Society.

The main drawback to doing the MOON only four years later is all the idiots in fourth year (or flunkies in third) who vaguely remember it the first time around. Be warned right now, all of you - any fool who comes and tells us how much better it was before is likely to have his teeth in the back of his or her head. What do you really remember? The headline, maybe a story or two, a picture... all the features and columns that weren't there. If you were awake enough to save your Toikes back then, pull one out and look at it - then shut up. We don't claim that this issue is better; but it's certainly no worse.

Now for the other problem - the Toronto SUN. Four years ago the SUN was still trying to find its place in the Toronto news market. It had still not yet established itself along sensationalist lines, but it was clearly headed for them. It was easy to parody this tendency - a cover photo story about a cripple mugged in the subway, a loony cover story about a counterfeit milk jug ring.

But what do we have now? The SUN has changed, until every day it seems to parody itself even more. The columnists spew out the same stuff that they have been, with the addition of a crime of the day and more pictures with big tits. How can you parody a paper that uses headlines like:

- North York Opens New Cop Shop
- Know Your Apples, They're Roses
- York Could Be Getting A Complex
- Karen Hasn't Got Bawdy
- Afraid of Small Town's Laughter, He Blew His Brains Out

The list is endless; in fact, we've decided to almost exclusively use SUN headlines from the Toike. There's almost always one that's weird or loony enough for any article.

But that's not all. How can you parody violence when they run a series on the greatest axe murders of all time? When anything with sex or gore is likely to be given front page prominence? When you read the paper cover to cover over breakfast and find out there's nothing in it?

What we've done, in many cases, is simply make the material a little more gross and racy. However, we have complete faith that anything you read in this MOON is likely to be similar to the SUN of a few years' hence. The humour may appear to be a bit weak, and the parody a bit strained- but what the hell, we're amateurs. But what can you do? We wanted to write a cute news item about how the photographers went wild over the MOONshine Girl of the Month Contest. Regular SUN readers will immediately remember that last month's contest was headlined, "Mayhem in Photo Lab" about precisely this occurrence. Oh, rats damn.

So what are we left with? The Trawna MOON mark II. We think it's 'fun' (challenging, interesting, not horribly painful) or we wouldn't be doing it. Most of you reading this obviously didn't. So who wins?

reflected in part by the prevalence of homosexuality, and common law sexual relationships. The weakness of the western states will be overcome when our people once again revert to the good moral standards. If Trudeau has done nothing else in his term of office, he has at least restored some faith in the ideals of motherhood, and wifehood. His decision to marry a woman less than half his age and then knock her three times in a row, showed the Canadian woman her role. The sexual perversions manifest themselves in several ways. These are easy to recognise. A communist will always make overtures at his friend's wife. He will not tolerate any funny stuff with his wife however. This is the basic philosophy of 'what is yours is mine, but don't you dare to touch mine'.

Consequently, those who claim that I tend to see a communist hiding under every bed are shown to be both right and wrong. Wrong in that I don't expect to see one under every bed (I only look under half). Wrong in that I only see what I believe. Right in that if there is some pervert under a bed, it's bound to be a communist because of their perverted moral values.

Have you looked under your bed lately?

What are these communist inspired perversions like? Through considerable effort,

I have managed to obtain Volumes XXVIII.II of 'Fuckinskova Rusky', the official Kremlin sex manual. I will quote some of the typical lies and misconceptions with which it is filled:

- Eating eggs will make a man more potent.

- A multiple, heavily spasmodic, ultradeep vaginal orgasm "feels different" from the so-called clitoral tingle.

- Excessive masturbation will enlarge the penis.

- Girls who wear patent leather shoes are promiscuous, as they are anxious for men to catch a glimpse of their crotch reflected in their shiny footwear.

- Men who cross their legs at the ankles are queer.

- If a man bathes his balls in ice water every morning, he will become a superstud.

- Tight pants or underwear will, if worn long enough, cause impotence and sterility.

- You can't get pregnant if you make love standing up.

- There are certain people who derive satisfaction from sniffing girls' bicycle seats. They are called snarfs.

- Women who like to ride horses are as horny as hell.

- If a boy French kisses a girl, she'll get pregnant.

I suppose you get the idea. I have personally found at least ninety per cent of these ridiculous claims to be untrue!



BOHN JRADSHAW

The next ten days is an excellent time to make out in the Toronto area. Rooting about this time of year very often gives better results than when it's done in the spring. Returns are comparatively small but they offer living proof that (gently now) a garden variety tool doesn't necessarily have to attain six inches diameter. A variety called "Prominent" averages just 3 inches, but the close high centred gonads make fine cut flowers.

In the time trials where I saw it performed, I noticed that here was a vigorous grower with abundant deep green foliage clothing the specimen completely from the ground up.

The blooms are very large averaging 5 to 8 inches across with a 35 to 45 broad (no names). They're held erect on long, strong stems. Like most of the new tools now being introduced, "Prominent" is resistant to disease and also possesses the unusual virtue of being an excellent hot weather action piece (that's penetration!).

Double Delight comes to

our annex as the result of the breeding genius of Herbert Swim and is the result of a cross between Grandma and the "on-time" Toike Staff.

One of the top breeders in Europe is Georges Everhardt of France. His most popular anxiety is the First Edition. This fine specimen develops into a broad, often mounted, 2 1/2 foot bush, well covered with medium sized, glossy green foliage.

When the first test broods were sent to the All-American trials, it was obvious from the beginning that this florihunda had all that was needed to be successful (so to speak) in Canada and the U.S.



Every year about this time Rob and the boys get together for a few rounds of riding around the city on the back of a flatbed trailer and making assorted

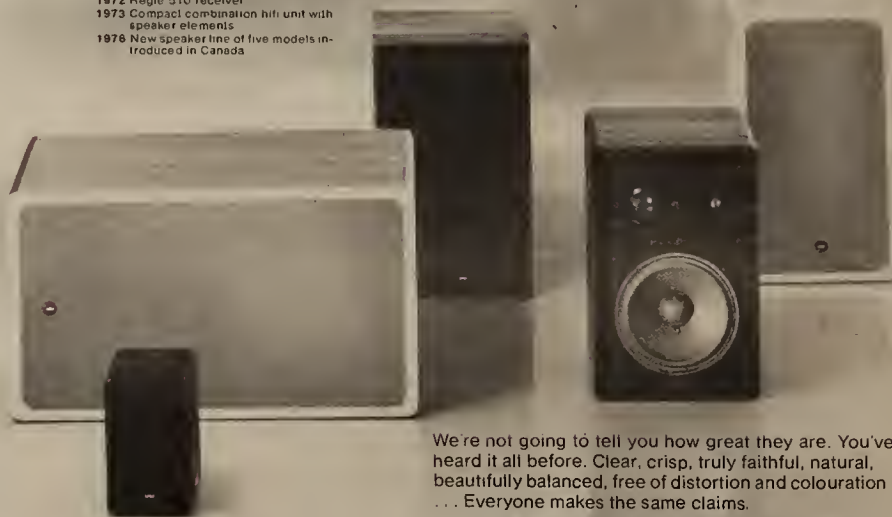
bnad noises. Homecoming is indeed a time of passion and human conflict. There is always a chance to see Rob's flounder.

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Salmon for science

Many people find themselves somewhat dismayed with the generally low level of moral turpitude in the Engineering Society at the University of Toronto.

Back in the small town of Trout Creek, most believed that to come to U of T would be to embark on a path of enlightenment and moral refinement, to try to create some order out of this chaotic path we call life... How wrong they were in Trout Creek!

Jim Kennedy, once an upstanding example of honesty, purity, and the protestant work ethic, came to U of T and enrolled in Engineering Science. Within one month he had undergone a transformation that borders on the incredible...

One evening, after having completed his customary eight hours of feverish booking, he decided to stop off at Cheeks to have a quick ale on his way home to rest up for the following school day. He was sitting by the dance floor, sipping a Blue, watching the cavorting couples, idly solving a third order differential system of linear equations, when suddenly he noticed a used condom floating in his glass of beer.

Startled, he looked up to see a somewhat statuesque blonde standing at his table.

"Excuse me, miss, but I believe that you may have lost something," he said helpfully.

"Why yes, I suppose I did... yes, I'd love to sit down," she demurely breathed, flashing a ruby red tongue quickly between her voracious lips and gazing rather pointedly at his crotch.

"Well, what are you taking here, um..."

"Stella."

"Yes; Stella," he said, trying to overcome a strange discomfort.

"I take everything. Is this a slide rule in your pocket, or...?"

"N-N-No... it's a calculator, but I am in Engineering, if that's what you mean, St-Stella," Jim stuttered as she circled the rim of his outer ear with her glistening tongue.

"Ooh, I like engineers, 'cause they're so functional," she whispered, rubbing his hand on her thigh. "I had an MBA last week but he was so rowdy - I had him up to my apartment, and he kept shouting 'Debit, Credit' as he did the Hershey Highway."

"The 'Hershey Highway' - is that a Harvard business course?"

"Not exactly, Jim," Stella breathed, running her fingers lightly and deftly over his trembling crotch. "Why don't we go back to my apartment, and I'll show you."

"Oh, I see, a sensitivity group session, sort of like a group encounter," Jim suggested, his pupils dilating.

"More like a grope session, with lots of sensitivity thrown in," she murmured, as her tender finger rhythmically flicked the rapidly swelling head of his member. "AC-DC?"

"F(x) = b + ax?"

"Forget it - let's go," she panted, her voice trembling with urgency as her seething lips eagerly sought his.

Before they had reached her apartment, the poor Jim had already had his one-eyed whale galvanized into an orgasmic explosion. His knees buckling, he struck the mailbox on Hoskin Avenue and suffered a searing bruise above his left eye, causing him to mutter, "damnation."

Quickly remembering himself and the wise advice his mother had given him on their parting, Jim apologised, "Gee, I'm sorry, Stella, I shouldn't have sworn. It's just that no one has ever done that before with their finger there in my asshole -



are you sure that's, you know, hygenic?"

"Don't worry about it, John..."

"Jim!"

"Right, Jim. No, I'm a down-to-earth sort of person, and I don't think we should be afraid or ashamed of our bodies."

In the elevator as she absently brushed '22', she expertly unzipped his sodden pants, and, taking his limp organ in her luscious lips, began flagellating the tender head with her fluttering tongue. Then, having satisfied the basic requirement, her roving tongue wandered southward to his testicles, where her mouth created a vacuum.

Humming 'British Grenadiers', she furiously drove her finger in and out of his ass, causing a curious sucking sound.

The bell dinged, and Jim, by this time far beyond any cognitive functioning, clumsily pulled up his pants and followed her to room 2202.

No sooner were they inside, than Stella hungrily pushed Jim down onto the floor and pulled up her skirt, to reveal a gaping slash that was as copious as the lips were full. Jim gazed up in wonderment and unconcealed expectation at the glistening, wet short-and-curries that surrounded the promontory of assault, and gently pulled her searing hot lips over his waiting nose and mouth.

She gave a slight scream of pleasure as his fervid tongue sought her inner recesses. Liquid fire began coursing through her veins, filling her walnut mind with shuddering paroxysms and leaving

her palpitating with desire. She drove herself down upon his face and pivoted.

Jim's burning face reddened as his probing tongue sought her center, as she took his swollen, throbbing organ in her lips, and with a sudden plunge, drove her head down hard, forcing it roughly down her throat. As he slid in and out of her depths, her chin pounding the base of his pleasure, and her gushing gash flooding his face, he sought to maintain an equilibrium point...

The next morning, Jim woke up with his face caked with a dried whitish substance, and hair-like objects in his teeth. He could not remember where he was.

Why did Stella hum 'Grenadiers' in waltz time?

How could she mistake a calculator for a slide rule?

Who was the man on the subway?

Modern science is baffled. But even more puzzling - why was Jim drinking Blue?

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DR. CLAM

Explains

DEAR DR. CLAM — I am a twenty-one year old Artsman, and something that happened recently has caused me a great deal of concern. I masturbate frequently, and last week I was caught in the act by my mother. What worries me is that she told me I would go blind and become sterile. Is this actually true? I am worried to death about it.

Jack Meoff

DEAR STRONGARM — Get a grip on yourself, man. You've got to take matters into your own hand. Forget what your mother said. That blindness and sterility spunk is nothing but an old wives' tail. Medical science has proven it to be a phallacy. Researchers at the Institute of Fluid Mechanics and Plumbing Trade School have proven that there is no greater likelihood of blindness and/or sterility developing in jerking Artsmen as in the non-masturbating population. They did, however, find that there is an increased incidence of Stroke among masturbators. But don't let that worry you. Just remember: An Artsman's best friend is his right hand.

DEAR DR. CLAM — I am a seventeen year old farmboy, and after shucking up with some sows at this hog farm where I work, I now find that I am hallucinating. All day long, I see pigs flying around in the air. What could this illness possibly be?

I.M. Lovingham

DEAR PORKY — Did you ever think it might be 'swine flew'?

DEAR DR. CLAM — I am on staff at the Metro Zoo, and have recently been in charge of artificial insemination of some African Green Monkeys we recently acquired. Five days after I began this work, I suddenly came down with a fever, prostration, pains in my limbs, and headache, followed by vomiting, diarrhea, a skin rash, and a tendency to bleed easily. A few days later, my wife developed the same symptoms. Can you diagnose the problem?

Orville Rangan

DEAR O. RANGUTAN — The diagnosis is Marburg Virus Disease. It has an incubation period of 5-7 days, and you acquired it from contact with African Green Monkey semen (if you don't believe me, you can look it up in any comprehensive Infectious Diseases text, such as in *Control of Communicable Diseases in Man*, 12th ed., p. 169, A.S. Benenson, editor). Similarly, you transmitted the disease to your wife via your semen. It is fatal in roughly one out of four cases, so get to a hospital fast. After you both recover from the acute illness, make sure you keep your wife on a DNA-free diet until your semen is proven to be free of virus. Incidentally, all you readers out there can add Marburg Virus Disease to your list of venereal diseases, to impress all your friends with your knowledge of medical trivia. After all, it was only discovered in 1967.

DEAR DR. CLAM — I have a serious problem. Several

years ago, I was involved in a car accident that severely injured me. Glass flying from the windshield cut through nerves in my face and neck, which subsequently healed in a rather novel way. Anytime I blink my eyes, I shit my pants.

You can get some idea of how much strain this puts on my frazzled bowels when you note that the average human blinks about ten times a minute. Not to mention the fact that I have to change my underwear at the rate of 432,000 pairs per month. I used to weigh 245 lbs. before the accident, and now I'm down to a streamlined 36 lbs. I'm virtually a walking stool.

After a few months of this, I was at my wits end. In a fit of despair, I telephoned NASA to ask for advice. They laughed a bit and said I was now a victim of the cranio-rectal reflex. When I pressed further for an explanation, he said I was a shit head and hung up.

Since I've started this letter, I've had twenty three bowel movements. Luckily I had two bottles of Kao-pectate an hour ago. You can't imagine the discomfort I experience when I wake up in the morning, after catching 40 winks. I feel like I woke up inside a turd.

Speaking of turd, I thought you could help. Sorry about the shit on the page.

I.M. Scheisskopf

DEAR SHIT HEAD — A reply is in order here. I am happy to see that you telephoned NASA for help, and I gather you spoke to Dr. Wenzel of NASA's Gastro-

intestinal disorders division. Dr. Wenzel may have seemed a bit abrupt to you, but this is only because he is extremely rude. However the analysis is indeed quite correct, and you are in very serious trouble. I'm not usually in the practice of alarming terminal patients, but I do quite enjoy it.

Have you ever thought of donating your services to the Institute for Cultivation and Maturation of *E. Coli* Bacteria? It would be a truly selfless way of spending your last remaining worthless months on earth. Another thought would be doing promotion ads for Ex-lax. So get your shit together.

Metro police report

Four robberies, a wounding, arson, four break-ins, and the printing of a Toike were reported by Metro police during the 24 hour period ending at 6 a.m. tomorrow.

Al Flancman, of 10 or 11 King's College Road, will always remember. Happy Anniversary, tomorrow.

Under these charges Rob Yates is named as something completely different. He denies nothing.

Eric Hartwell is not even here any more. When questioned, he stated that it was OK — at least infinitely better than not at all.

A woman claiming to be Heidi Breslauer came and went, but not until the next day. No tail, but head indeed!

Herb Wenzel claims he is guilty until proven innocent. Jim Marko, the Scalpel Terror, reports he doesn't stop cutting until he reaches the other side.

Dave Bowden of no fixed address said that she said she was 16. John Kenney received bruises but didn't require hospital treatment (they looked like teeth

marks). Bonita Fern Carson, the fastest T-square in the west, and Paul Shindman, who is suffering, confronted Lorraine Gleeson. She reserved the right to remain silent and denies everything. Claudia doesn't.

Ron Beyeler was uncertain about assault with a dangerous weapon. Bruce Thompson couldn't help it. Hans, while Doug H. Chmara complained that everyone was makin' it big but he.

Hork maintained that if she's old enough to drive, she's old enough to drive. Osqar the chicken (silent "b") and John Cocchie (Me! No, never) still say not ever whenever never or whatsoever! What a tale.

Nobody claimed they didn't do anything, so they're not responsible.

Peter McAsh (OSBQ) had to leave early because she was too much for him. L.J. wasn't even there, but Gord McConachie (OSBQ) maintained that it was much more slanderous than that. Linda claims "I'm too" Mutch, but she's not too good at this. G.M.C. found that much better.

Poco was . . . playful.

Greg Fitz would only state that room 3009 — best buddies — phhhhhhhhh!

Barry H. Lay (the "3" is silent) wasn't too. Ellen H.

Rochman counted five, count 'em, five — and all at the same time too.

Roger Smibert maintained that the will is stronger than the won't. Fred H. Gitz was trying to sell pictures (Hey Meester . . . wink, wink!)

Cindy H. Wax lied, and didn't come. Mario H. Izzo had a condom collection and jewelry worth \$1,760 snatched by Daisy McFarland. Daisy was robbed of his purse by Mario Izzo.

Owen Kurin has no equipment and is looking for a loan — but some wide dreams do come true. Steve Hibbins did not attend, never has attended, but WILL attend, maybe.

Dave Bush disguised himself as a shrubbery. Dana Williams was only put out 2 dollars. Mark H. Czerwinski said to make 2 and call him in the morning. Graham H. Wideman was not quite so much still not yet.

N.R. is still crazy after all these years, while Jim Kennedy is still the same as ever.

Rave Dobson, back again, claimed that Vince Lombardi once said that winning ain't the only thing — you can also beat the fuck out of them.

Steve Godfrey and Arlene Bondarchuk (and maybe Sam Rapkin) were off investigating Greek customs.

PLAIN TALK

About environmental concerns in construction projects

by
Earle
Stobart

Manager,
Environmental Department,
Bechtel Canada Limited



Mankind relies on the environment for climate regulation, fresh air, fresh water, food — for life itself. At the same time, we rely on resource development to maintain our standard of living.

There is a too widely held opinion that resource development, per se, constitutes wilful destruction of the environment. In reality it need not be so; on occasion resource development can improve environments. But in any case, both Federal and Provincial governments have established standards that must be met to minimize the effects of such projects on the ecology.

Bechtel Canada has its own environmental department — established to provide consultative advice and oversee ecologically sensitive construction work on our various projects. On the Sarnia-Montreal pipeline extension project, the department was involved before, during and after construction. Our environmentalists assessed sensitive areas in advance; prepared reports and procedures for the National Energy Board; monitored relevant construction daily.

Although it is not possible to eliminate all environmental impacts from major projects, it is possible to minimize these effects by long-range planning. And it is much more beneficial (usually cheaper) to design environmental protection into the project beforehand, rather than attempt to add it on after the fact.

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Entertainment

WEIRDER PENFIELD III



Last night's rock concert held at Varsity Stadium with a standing room only crowd provided something for everybody on hand to witness the event. It was evident early in the concert that the music couldn't stand on its own, so the band, Dr. Hook and the Travelling Medicine Show, gave the crowd a real dose of what they came looking for.

In defiance of local morality codes, the performers disrobed, and then they really performed, to the delight of the audience. Several pieces later, the novelty wore off, and the crowd became restless once again. Dr. Hook pulled all the stops, as he proceeded to the ultimate in immorality: the crowd was subjected to a barrage of jokes lewd and otherwise, which evoked an unprecedented response from the thousands of onlookers. He began with a crowd-pleasing classic:

Ever hear the one about the slum kid who wasn't sure of the difference between arson and incest. So he took a chance and set fire to his sister.

The crowd went wild. Immediately he hit them with another:

A tourist from Texas went into a public pissoire in Paris. A Frenchman was standing at one of the urinals. Not sure of what part of the city he was in, the Texan began to ask for directions.

"Say, bo..." he started off.

The Frenchman looked down at his cock. "Beau! C'est magnifique!"

Loud cheers of "Oui! Oui! Oui!" rang out, demonstrating their approval of the titillating French humour.

Hook mercilessly unleashed his most potent joke:

The sexy broad was on a TV quiz program. She picked Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden as her category, since she had had a lot of Bible study as a kid.

The first question was, "Who was the first man?"

It's classy company!



HEADlining the rock concert at Varsity Stadium was Dr. Hook and the Travelling Medicine Show. "Simply a stroke of genius," commented Weirder after the concert. Aside from a sporadic shower (as the above photo was taken), the weather was perfect. Dr. Hook is depicted above with a microphone in each hand, demonstrating his ambidexterity.

The answer was easy: Adam.

The second question was just as easy—"Who was the first woman?"

"Okay, said the brash M.C., "and now for five hundred dollars here's the third question: "There they were, Adam and Eve, naked in the Garden of Eden. So what were Eve's first words to Adam?"

Strumped for an answer, the young lady said, "That's a

hard one, isn't it?"

"RIGHT AGAIN!" yelled the M.C.

Sheer ecstasy was the order of the day as thousands upon thousands experienced a simultaneous rush, which could be felt as far away as Owen Sound.

It was truly an exciting evening. You had to be there.

Artichoke not flawless but it should fill theatre to capacity

by Muckensie Farter

What is it like being an LGMB member? To an outsider, this is a question which no doubt crops up every football game or dome painting. But to the experienced concert goer, the LGMB means more than just the adulation of the masses and all the beer you can drink. Last week's shows are indicative of this in their high quality, both musically and from the audience point of view.

Financially, however, a Band is worth what its name can command. The LGMB made the point that there are names which ensure widespread distribution, names which can guarantee sales to television and names which contribute to foreign box-office. None of these qualifications admittedly are attached to the LGMB's name.

Even without the advantage of a million or so dollars capital to back the band, this versatile unit manages to crop up just about everywhere. Notably, their recent surprise appearance at the Inn on the Park. The Engineering Alumni, who try to pick a different hotel for each gala dinner in order to fool the band, were once again surprised at the band's ability to seek them out no matter how well they hide.

They responded with forks, flying wine glasses and cheers of delight as the band fought

their way through the heavily armed doormen and the lobby to serenade the unsuspecting audience.

But the LGMB is not entirely a restrictive organization, as one might suspect. Despite the autographs and several dozen groupies each, the band is very approachable and has few if no qualms about conversing freely with the masses of fans they have collected over the years. Why, I saw an LGMB member just the other day, conversing freely with a graduate philosophy student. I suppose this is not something which one should hastily generalize to cover all LGMBers, but its just that to know that the stars of today are still able to talk, well it just gives one that, oh, good feeling all over, and puts the LGMB in that soft, warm spot in the heart, and makes one want to sing, or play sousaphone.

And the Band has been around, having played command performances for many top level dignitaries. Among the dignitaries who have been commanded to listen to the Band are personages such as, John Evans, Frank Shuster, Pierre Trudeau, Margaret Trudeau, Bill Davis, Miss Canada, Ben Etkin, Morty Shulman, Paul Godfrey, and winos too numerous to mention. These people have all hailed the band as superb and years ahead of its time, and have prompted bookings of the

band to as far away as February of next year. Also of notable success is the newly reformed Christine Keeler Memorial Band, a small but vocal offshoot of the LGMB, which has been signed recently to a permanent contract to perform within the LGMB

at all functions. The CKMB is planning its concert tour to include all LGMB concerts and they have graciously allowed the LGMB to play along on those occasions.

What does the band do to relax? Well, the LGMB has been taking it easy for the

past day or two, in preparation for tomorrow night's big performance at the System 370 Soc-Hop. They also are planning to attend en masse, in the role of part of the audience for the pub which they are sponsoring to-night from 8-12 in the plush

main dining hall of the Engineering Annex. The pub will feature another small off-shoot group of the Band, the Godiva Jazz Band, a dixieland band, who play from their hearts to one and all. Admission is \$1.00 and beer is 50 cents per bottle.

—Lone Ranger rides again—

GEORGE
AHORNY



at the movies

One cold night in October (who can remember dates?), this intrepid reporter was coerced into entering a haven for sin (no, not a whorehouse - a movie theatre you fool!). With my voluptuous female companion tightly in my grasp, we proceeded down the aisle to a good seat (not mine, the theatre's). Once seated, we were forced to watch two, yes two, horse shows. At last they were over and the good stuff started. If any of you were raised on Mother Goose or other childrens stories, you should have been told (or shown) this version of "Alice in Wonderland".

Alice is a virgin. Her boyfriend is horny (so what else is new?). Alice says no, no, no (that could be new!). Her boyfriend says goodbye. Alice wonders whether she is perhaps missing something and breaks into a silly song. Then lo and behold, a rabbit comes through the mirror. He states that he's late and that the queen's a bitch and invites Alice to the Mad Hatter's tea party.

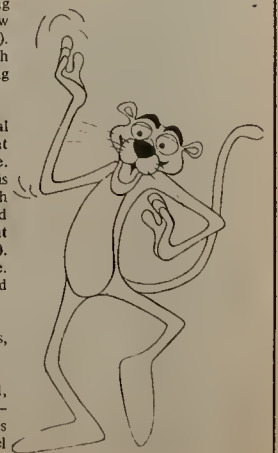
Alice discovers herself on a rock and discovers herself (you know what I mean girls!). After her shuddering goal is reached, she proceeds to follow the wabbit (ahhh, what's up doc?). As she is pursuing him she meets with some mishap and even receives a licking (hmmmm).

At the tea party, Alice's sexual adventures begin. She discovers that the Mad Hatter's 9 1/2 is not his hat size. She cures Humpty Dumpty of his impotence and she fools around with the King. The Queen is furious and she wants Alice's head (you know what that means....the Queen is a bit queer). Alice then escapes and returns home. Her boyfriend reappears and is surprised at Alice's new outlook on life.

If you want some more sexual details, you'll just have to see the movie.

After the sinful spectacle had ended, we proceeded to the nearest exit - incognito with our coats over our heads and back outside into the cold, cruel and respectable city.

Your intrepid reporters thus said good-night, blushed and went on our merry (not marry!) way.



Mr. Wizard says parents should not be allowed to see this flick.

SALIVA TRANE



Last Saturday night, (after an afternoon partaking of the burnt byproduct of cannabis sativa with some of the other students on my floor) we expressed our desires to fulfill the two most immediate needs, food and sex. Little did I know the two were not mutually exclusive. I was about to be introduced to the fantastic world of food fetish fantasies.

Flying to Harvey's I was only aware of the munchies and the throbbing in my temples, telling me that something would happen. Sitting down at a stall, I stared wide-eyed at one of the students who was delicately gnawing at the end of his hot apple turnover. Opening it up, he hollowed it out and thrust the steaming shell over his organ. I watched in awe as he came quickly, without even bringing the turnover to orgasm. Withdrawing suddenly he licked his lips and devoured the pie. Simple, no foreplay no worries of pregnancy, no after sex-talk. Such was the world of the food fetish fantasy, and since then I've learned all its subtle intricacies, the ins and outs of eating out in Trawna.

One of my favourites is the Big Mac. The sesame seeds give a real textured effect, and the special sauce is sheer ecstasy. For those of you who are vegetarians, Ponderosa offers potatoes with sour cream and chives with most meals.

For readers with more expensive tastes, Hy's has a special on calves livers and caviar.

A bisexual friend of mine swears by the pronto-pup, and recommends plenty of mustard. Another friend who wishes to remain anonymous has an fetish, and strongly suggests everyone try the following taste treat. Order a pizza with double cheese and anchovies. Fold in half and munch away. Not only is it inexpensive, it tastes and smells close to the real thing.

Experiment for yourself. You may get to like it so much you'll forget the proper way. Another F.F.F. friend of mine, after a session with his girlfriend, forgot where he was and ate her.

Next week: "Pastries and Hair Pie"

Dried beef not the same

MUTTON'S PLACE JOAN MUTTON



The loss of a faithful, trusting, loving companion is a most traumatic experience. For most people, the first loss of this nature is the most tragic.

I can remember back to my youth to the days when I was eleven and living on my parents' farm up in the Caledon area. As you probably know, sheep ranching requires vast tracts of land for grazing. This means in most instances that the nearest neighbours are some distance away and often as not, the nearest playmates are even further distant. This usually meant that most of my non-school hours were spent on the farm in comparative solitude. Usually, to be blunt, I was bored stiff for lack of a companion to play with. My habitual pastimes included watching the barn rot and counting the number of blades of grass in an acre. But, that was before I found Rex.

Rex was the biggest ram in the entire flock. Short and powerful, Rex had the most beautiful limpid blue eyes and

curly flaxen hair. I fell in love with him the moment I laid eyes on him. He was everything I ever wanted in a ram. I remember the many days we'd spend off in a lonely hollow on the farm. Rex was the most gentle and tender ram I have ever come across. He had the most unusual and charming way of showing his affection for me. As I lay in the meadow, Rex would approach me from behind and gently snuggle close to me. We would lay there with hardly a muscle stirring when Rex would suddenly begin to bleat softly into my ear. The tempo of his bleat would quicken and become higher in pitch when just as suddenly as it had started, his bleating would stop. I felt warm and tingly all over. Pure virgin wool is very warm and as for the tingling, some things just shouldn't be told.

We spent many blissful weeks together sharing each other's company and enjoying the joyous things of life in tranquility, but I knew it was too good to last.

One day, while I was on my way home from school a cloud of dust approached me on the road. It was a truck towing a Ewe-Haul trailer. Rushing home I found out that Rex was gone, a victim of the rising lamb prices prevalent at the time.

All the others, they just weren't the same but at least I didn't catch Orf and anthrax.

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NOV. 4-6
**TRACY NELSON
& MOTHER EARTH**
DOWNSTAIRS
CUEBALL

NOV. 8-11
**LESLIE WEST
FROM MOUNTAIN**
DOWNSTAIRS
BUCK EYE

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**JESSIE
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Sports

by JOHN ZAMBONI
Staff Writer

SEDUCTIVE MOVEMENTS

Dutch ballet intensely erotic

It was Skule's day Monday afternoon on back campus.

The Engineering Football team upset the favoured Phys-Ed team 33-14, and put the Jocks on the road to elimination. Unless the weakened Phys-Ed team can beat St. Mikes this week, they are out of the Division I playoffs for the first time in years. The years of having practices once a week and bringing a few players from the Blues taxi squad when the going gets tough are finally catching up with Phys-Ed.

The Jocks started well, with only good defensive play on the part of the Engineers preventing a touchdown. A Phys-Ed field goal attempt went wide and was run out of the end zone by return specialist Ken Mehi.

The game settled down to a punting duel until midway through the second quarter when tailback Rick Klestinec broke an off tackle dive for a sixty-nine yard touchdown scamper.

Talking afterward with Klestinec, I asked him if he had heard footsteps during his run.

"Footsteps?" he replied, "some guy kept tapping me on the shoulder most of the run. I kept on expecting to hear him ask for a dime for a cup of coffee."

Skule attempted a two-point conversion with a pass to slotback Mehi, but the pass went incomplete.

Later in the last half, Tony Masella attempted a 40-yard field goal for the Engineers, but the attempt fell short. The half-time score had Skule leading the Jocks by 6-0.

Skule opened the second half scoring mid-way through the third quarter with a 15 yd touchdown pass to Jim Renahan on a tight-end delay. The point after attempt by Masella was blocked.



Football type players in dynamic action, startlingly stopped by high speed photography.



Jock type.

At the end of the third quarter, Skule was on the Phys-Ed 9 yard line. On the first play of the fourth quarter, Klestinec went in for his second major of the day, behind the blocking of guard Rick Marks. Marks was replacing Masella, who was out with an injured elbow. Masella's point after attempt was good, for the first time in his career.

At this point, Coach Glen Rosborough put in some of the Engineers' second stringers on defense. This move to give everybody some playing time backfired. On the Jocks first offensive play after the changes, their halfback duplicated Klestinec's efforts and rambled 45 yds for a touchdown. The convert attempt

was good.

Phys-Ed then tried a short kick-off. The ball bounced between a couple of Skulemen, but the Jocks recovered it. On their first play on the Skule 35 yd line, the Jock quarterback went round the end on a keeper and outran the Skule defensive halves for the score.

Again the Jocks tried a short kick-off, but the ball hit someone, bounced straight up and was tapped back by a Skuleman to Ron Maruya who caught it and dropped to his knees.

Skule was forced to punt, and Phys-Ed worked the ball out to their own 45 yard line. The Skule defense held them here to 3rd and 6 yds to go.

When the Jocks attempted a half-back screen right, left inside linebacker Jim Reininger read it perfectly and dropped the Jock for a five yard loss.

Three plays after receiving the Skule kickoff, the Jocks were forced to punt. Punt returner Ken Mehi fielded the punt at about his own forty, and behind some good initial blocking, broke the return for another major. The Engineers were so excited that for the convert attempt by Masella, they had only nine men on the field, but the kick was good anyway.

The Skule offense then marched the ball down to the Phys-Ed 9 yard line where they were held 3rd and goal to go. From here they pitched to fullback Chuck Lilley who went around the left end for the major. Masella was good again on the convert. Final score was Skule 33 Jocks 14.

A large factor in the Skule victory was the improved defensive line, lead by tackle Rick Marks. With maturing Stuart Ferrie at the other tackle and ends Charly "Tuna" Ramsey and Dave Egan, the Skule defensive line harassed the Phys-Ed quarterback all game and virtually shut off their running game. Good pass coverage was provided by the Skule secondary, Kevin Burns, Jim Warden, Ron Maruya and Paul Lietch who completely shut Phys-Ed's star flanker Faraday. Bob Hill also played well when he replaced Maruya after he was injured in the fourth quarter.

Corners Jean-Marc Belanger and Ted Symanski did a lot of work to contain the Phys-Ed wide game despite the double teams against them. All told, the Skule defense is much improved from the start of the season.

NOTES . . . Glen Rosborough, Engineering Coach, told me, "If we beat Vic on Tuesday, we have to be favoured to win the Mulock Cup this year."

'New name won't stop the smell'

GRORGE GEOSS

Sports Editor



TRAWNA—According to Engineering Rugby Commissioner Wayne Maddever, both Skule teams are doing well this year. Eng I is undefeated in three starts winning over Phys-Ed by default and trouncing Law 22-8 and Trinity 10-4. Much of the Eng I scoring punch is in stand-off Brian "O.J." Smith. Against Law, Smith ran for 3 tries and kicked all the converts.

Eng II is known as the BARNACLES since a pre-season merger with Knox College fell through. Unlike real barnacles, they rove about and other teams seem to have great difficulty in keeping track of them. Recently, the jocks became totally disoriented due to the random motions of the Barnacles and eventually showed up at 4:15 pm. for a 1:15 pm. game. However, all was not lost for the jocks as the game will be rescheduled later so they tell me.

In a slow game against Law, the Barnacles managed a 0-0 tie primarily on the efforts of their forwards. Both the 'hooker', newcomer Chris Bouroukas and 'tight head' Dave Robson heeled many Law balls as the Engineers won more than 75% of all the scrums. Loose End prop Alf Stutzman and 2nd row Jay Reidy and Dave Egan completed the pack which prevented Law from running any loose balls.

Speaking of forwards, Dave McAlpine is doing an excellent job for his first year at scrum half. The big difference between Eng I and the Barnacles is not in the forwards but in the backs. Smith adds the running power to Eng I that the Barnacles lack. Maddever tells me that the second backs are improving and that he expects big things to come from them.

Last Friday, Vic defeated the Barnacles 18-0 with the help of two Blues backs.

Things seem pretty grim for the Barnacles right now, whereas everything appears to be running smoothly for Eng I. What remains in the future for the Barnacles may well hinge on their rescheduled game with the jocks.

Crassly Abbreviated: Foul language filled the air as the Womens Engineering Basketball Team won their second game in a row last Thursday night against Vic II at the Benson Building. This year's team, under the direction of Chris and Derrick, and managed by Karen Kenedy, combine all necessary talents: height, speed, and accuracy. Star shooters were Anne Zilinsky and Ilona Bubilis and aggressive defense was provided by Claire Galvin. Staying in the middle of an innertube without being tipped at by a violent Forester yelling "Kill her!" (in Northern Ontario accent) can be quite a feat, but

Engineering Women proved their superiority in the pool with no trouble. Assisted by coach Bill Chisholm the Skule girls beat New College II and tied the pine scented lovelies from Forestry in the first Innertube Waterpolo night on Wed., Oct. 13. We won't mention the names of those who fumbled and couldn't get back into their innertubes.

Lacrosse goalie Jay Reidy has had a rough year. The winless Skule team has been plagued with a defense problem. With only three members of last year's team, Reidy, Dave Robson and Ange Bacopoulos, it was apparent at the season's start that the rest of the team would take a while to get used to the close confines and unique rules of the Hart House gym. Reidy, who also coaches the team, was optimistic about this season after Skules first game showed a much higher level of ball handling ability than in the previous two years. Unfortunately this increase in ball handling ability was coupled with a decrease in defensive ability.

Newcomers Dale McNeil, Mark Gray, Roger Roney and Bruce have played better every game but the loss of Bacopoulos with pneumonia and the injury of Robson's ankle severely hampered the defense.

GYM COALMAN



TRAWNA—If you are intrigued by long-range gambles, you might wager next month's beer money that the Skule football team will win the Mulock Cup on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 10.

Your travelling correspondent has been an eye witness to the onfield performances of the division I inter-fac teams within the last two weeks. And, of those four teams, the Skulemen have unquestionably been the most impressive.

The Victoria College squad could be the cads who will upset our betting coup. The revitalized Skulemen have lost only two games this year—and one of those defeats was administered by the Vic Pub boys.

Two Views

There are two views of Monday's Horror Show, in which Skule humiliated Phys. Ed.

One view, which certainly stands scrutiny, is that Jocks were their worst team performance in years.

The second and more valid view is the Engineers simple played so flawlessly that, by comparison, the Jocks were made to appear even worse than they actually were.

In retrospect, your correspondent believes that, on Monday, Oct. 18, the Skulemen were operating with such superb all-round efficiency that they could have beaten ANY inter-fac team by at least two touchdowns. Man, they really were smoking.

Skule Resurgence

The reasons for the resurgence in Skule football power were many, not the least of them being the acquisition of injured Blues defensive end Glen Rosborough as head coach. Rosborough has worked much of the Blues offensive and defensive systems into the Skule playbook, and the effort has been

rewarded with good performances both offensively and defensively by the Skule team.

The offense is under the leadership of quarterback Sunil Taneja, who acquired much pose and polish during his years with the Scarborough Vikings. But quarterback is not the only position Skule is strong in. A strong attack is provided by running backs Cliff "Chuck" Lilley, Rick Klestinec and Jim Renahan, while wide receivers Kin Mehi and John Medal provide a potent passing game.

But the big reason for Skule's success this year is the excellent play of the offensive line. This line can open holes big enough to drive the proverbial Mac truck through, and pass blocks well enough to give quarterback Taneja all the time in the world. Against Phys-Ed, Taneja wasn't sacked once. The surprise of the year has been the play of the offensive centre, Albert Wong. Only 5'7" and 145 lbs., Wong outplayed 230 lb. R. Newburn so completely that Phys-Ed felt forced to change their defensive alignment for their second game against the Engineers. In the first meetings of the teams, the Jocks found that their 3-5 set-up did not provide enough defensive pressure.

In an attempt to remedy the situation for their second game, the jocks brought in two members of the Blues taxi squad and changed to a 4-4 defense.

The attempt was in vain, for guards Tony Masella and Jay Reidy, together with tackler Lorne Skelton and Dave Robson and tight end Bernie Thompson combined with Wong to dominate the line of scrimmage.

The Skule defense has improved greatly with the addition of defensive tackle Rick Marks. Marks, together with Stuart Ferrie at the other tackle spot and inside linebackers Jim Reininger and Greg Osadetz, completely closed off the inside run to the Jocks. The rest of the Skule defense did a good job containing the Phys-Ed outside running game.

In conclusion, the Inter-fac standings last week had Vic at 3 and 1 in 1st place, with St. Mikes, Phys-Ed and Engineering all tied in second place with identical 2 and 2 records. This means that if Eng. beats Vic, Eng. will meet the winner of the St. Mikes-Phys-Ed game. If the Engineers lose, St. Mikes must beat Phys-Ed for Eng. to advance to the playoffs.

Seamen pen pact, libel suit

Jim Picknell, Skipper and well known Eng. Soc. President, set sail in rough waters recently and was pirated of his constant bilge-water companion.

Rumour has it that the 'Women's Committee to get Jim Laid' blew up such a sou'wester in the Skipper's head that his swash was completely unbuckled and his main sheet rigged so that when he recovered, he noticed that his rubber ducky was mizzed.

Lorraine G., apparent chief negotiator for the W.C.T.G. Jim. L. was quoted as volunteering to bow to his stern demands in the 'usual place, usual time,' tomorrow, but denies any allegations to the effect that she wishes to head up the committee.

The skipper can't fathom the theft and expects to sue the committee freighter nine dummies cause his crew and he claims the case is rigged, but officials say, though he's admiral enough, its knot likely to compass the bill and subsequent mast protest by the Women's Committee.

DEAR ABBIE



DEAR ABBIE: What a summer. First I totalled my motorcycle and had to spend three weeks in hospital with a nurse with an enema fetish. Then I found out that this cute waitress who served me beer and other delicacies had been to the doctors.

Imagine my relief when she said she wasn't pregnant but only had the clap. The next day down at St. Mike's clinic I was surprised to find my best friend and several other acquaintances of hers also present.

All summer long just working and fucking, working and fucking. I hardly had time to drink! I even lived with my best friend for two weeks and looked at nothing but his ugly face.

What is the true meaning of life?—S&M

DEAR S&M: Life is a bowl of spinach with cream cheese baked topping. (Ask an artsie for interpretation.) But who the hell do you think you are for asking me the true meaning of life anyway? I get enough bullshit from all you

fucked up morons as it is. If you think you can't live without knowing, go stick your tool in a wall socket.

DEAR ABBIE: My husband and I have been married and divorced six times. Do you think this means that we are incompatible? He has hit me with a meat axe before, but I think it was only in fun. Still, the fact that he has only spoken to me five times during our years together makes me wonder. If we do separate again, what should be done with our four children?—BEWILDERED

DEAR BEWILDERED: Patience, long patience. Give it a try. You shouldn't give up anything so precious so easily. After all, ask yourself, was the meat axe sharp? Have you ever considered that your husband may be simply taciturn? Perhaps that is why he's only spoken to you five times. Try again. Why not do some little act of kindness, like buying him a new meat axe?

IMPORTANT NOTICE

To: faculty members and students
From: University of Toronto Physical Plant

The University engineer has requested a temporary interruption of gravity for the purpose of making certain minor alterations in plant design. Gravity will be off for approximately 11 hours on Friday, October 29 from 7:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Only the west side of the Wallberg, Galbraith, Rosbrugh, and Sanford Fleming buildings will be affected, as well as the Engineering Annex.

We have been advised that the interruption will undoubtedly create noncausal singularities along the boundaries of the region affected. Therefore, all parking areas in the above mentioned region will be closed throughout the day.

The following precautions are advised:

- 1) All heavy equipment should be tied down
- 2) Persons are advised not to leave the west side of these buildings, whether by the doors or the windows (on any floor)
- 3) All experiments be cancelled for that day
- 4) Please do not water plants
- 5) Please do not flush toilets

Your cooperation is requested in this matter and you are urged to appear calm at all times.

RUGBY

John Zamboni
Staff Writer

Last Monday the Barnicles (ENG II) rugby team routed Phys. Ed. 32-0. Most of the points for the Barnicles were scored by the forwards, with tries by Robson, Stutzmann, Egan, Januszewski, Hobbs, and two by Klestinec. Two tries were converted by Stutzman.

WOMEN'S INTERFAC SWIM & DIVE MEET

Nov. 3

Deadline for sign up
Tomorrow
OCT. 29

THE START OF SOMETHING GREAT.



Disastro-graph

Bernie Bleeding Sore



Your Birthday LAST WEEK
Oct. 21, 1976

ARSE (March 21-April 19)
Do what your instincts dictate today, and you'll wind up in jail. Ask for extra shots.

CLITORIS (April 20-May 20)
You are stubborn and stupid today, and everything you do is wrong. But you won't listen, so screw you!

GENIUS (May 21-June 20)
You think you're pretty smart, don't you? But what you saved on the hooker will all go for the cure. Next time, try incest.

CHANCY (June 21-July 22)
You will find today a great day for listening to other people's problems. While you do, their friends will rob your home and rape your dog.

LAYO (July 23-Aug. 22)
Things will cum to a head, but don't worry if you don't. Something you picked up last week will start to pain you.

WILLGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)
After you've successfully handled yourself today, dismiss her from your mind. Go find a nurse.

LIBBY (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)
Don't sit on your impulses today. Concentrate on artistic things. Like getting laid.

CORPSEO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)
Your frivolous necrophiliac tendencies will be an embarrassment when the police arrive. Play it cool.

SAGGY-TITS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)
A friend may prove to be very satisfying this evening. Be sure to douche, and try not to laugh.

SUBTLEPORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)
Chances of getting laid today are good, provided you find a waterbed. Make haste slowly.

QUEERIOUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)
Blow your own horn today, if you can. Another

may offer to help, especially if you hustle.

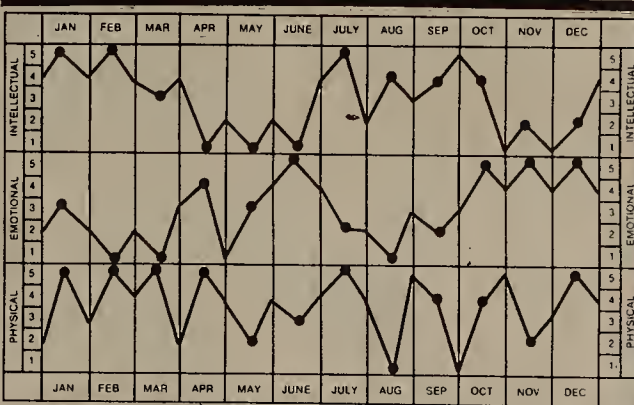
FECES (Feb. 20-March 20)
Others will laugh at you today, but deep down they know you're right. Put your money down, and enjoy. Keep away from LIBBY's.

You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. You tend to attract very strange people, who are all confused. You enjoy your job but don't really believe it. Sometimes you are nasty to Pisces people. You feed your cat steel wool.

Bio-sex

by Mike J. Kennels

Your computerized biosex



HOW TO USE YOUR CHART:

Locate your month of birth. Date of miscarriage will suffice. The dots on each graph represents the ideal number of times you should expect to get it that month. Check the scales (not on your tool) to see how many points each kind of excuse is worth. For example, an emotional plea for failing to get it up like "I was kicked in the bag last week and it still won't work right," merits 3 points. There are two other categories of excuses, physical and intellectual, and all three can total a maximum of fifteen. Give yourself a reasonable evaluation of any hot lines or actual excuses you have made and total the three indexes. This is your Bio-sex level.

BIO-SEX READOUT:

0-5 Negative Cycle-

Stop wasting time reading this idiot article. Go wear off your organ.

6-10 Neutral Cycle-

Better put it on ice before it bursts into flame or the spirochetes devour it. Clean off the breakfast table before you go at it.

11-15 Positive Cycle-

Serves you right for being greedy. At once every two nights, you average better than most mink for fuck sake. No wonder it fell off into the toilet bowl this morning.

How have bangorhythms affected the course of history? The battle of Stalingrad was adversely affected by it. Hitler didn't check it the day before the turning point and so had a rough go of it with Eva. Naturally, he had her flogged but he caught a dose which infuriated him into making a simultaneous attack on Leningrad, which was disastrous.

FACULTY COUNCIL MEETING

THURSDAY OCTOBER 28
2:00 IN GB 202

ALL REPRESENTATIVES
AND INTERESTED PARTIES
PLEASE ATTEND



Drum Cigarette Tobacco

For people who take the time to roll their own.

Drum Cigarette Tobacco is a blend of 17 different prime tobaccos from around the world. The result is a mild, slow burning smoke with a uniquely different taste. And the long strands make Drum Dutch Blend tobacco ideal for both hand and machine rolling. Ask for Drum Dutch Blend in the Blue pouch. Because when you take the time to roll your own, you deserve something different.



What does Ricard taste like?

Easy!

Ricard tastes just like licor ...
... no, I guess I can't really say

just like ... but it does when it's straight (almost), but not in a ... um, say a RICORANGE, with orange juice and grenadine (just a touch of grenadine) ... of course, serve it with ice water ... no, Stanley, no ice — ice water ... and it does taste sort of like ... no, certainly not anything like that. A Parakeet is altogether something else. It's made with soda water — and green Crème de Menthe



and it doesn't taste anything like water (and it has to be green Crème de Menthe) ... But no matter what you serve it with, Ricard still tastes like ... well, like ... um ...

well, Ricard tastes like what it is. A Pastic. What's a Pastic? Well, it's made in France ... and it

RICARD

tastes like ... well, like ...

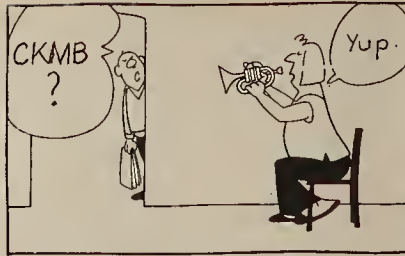
a truly unique taste.



THE LORN BOOZER

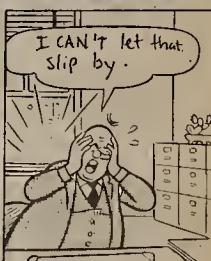
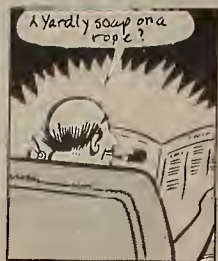
BY ART TRANSOM

ARTSIE



JUDGE FARTER

BY PAUL NICKELS



BATFISH

BY ROG POLLEN



SIMPLETON



BOOBY

BY PETE HANDSOME



PROBLEM SETS IN TRIPPLICATE!!
I SUPPOSE N.Y. CAN BE GOOD FOR FUN AND PROFIT.

MINIT DOODLE
by MAGILLA GORILLA

Can You Connect
the two points
together with just
ONE straight line?

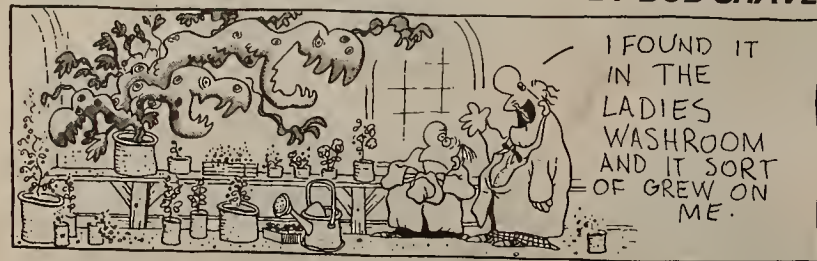
ANSWER TOMORROW
10-28

GRAFFITI
10-28

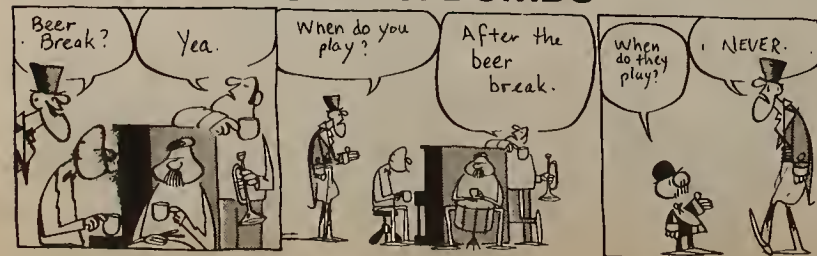
BE ALERT...
THE
WORLD
NEEDS
MORE
LERTS!

FRANK AND NERDEST

BY BOB SHAVES



THE CROCUS OF P. T. DUMBO



Poet's Corner

MY POEM AND WHAT IT IS TOO

The sky was clear; the noon was high
We were alone; just she and I
Her hair was black, here eyes were blue,
She knew just what I wanted to do,
Her face was good, her body fine,
I ran my fingers down her spine:
So with courage, I did my best,
I put my hand upon her breast.
I trembled with shock, I felt her heart
Slowly I spread her legs apart.
I knew she was ready, I didn't know how,
It was my first experience, at milking a cow.

A. Anonymous (Miss)

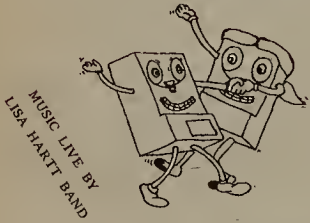
Mail submissions to Poet's Corner, 333 King St. E.,
Toronto, and entry fee of 25 cents for poet's fund

COMPUTER DATE

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SOG HOP

and

COSTUME DANCE

FRI. OCT. 29

8:30pm

at

Wetmore Hall

(New College)

ADD TO THE ATMOSPHERE AND DRESS WEIRD

DJ'S TAVERN is sorry to announce that 82.5% of all Engineers surveyed **don't** know the meaning of the colloquialism* **TWO BITS** a glass.

DJ'S would like to take this opportunity to apologize for these people.

If you have nothing to apologize for, why not come to Lil's Smoke Room at DJ'S for 25c a glass draught beer noon to 8 p.m. Monday to Friday.

DJ'S

HYDRO PLACE

COLLEGE & UNIVERSITY

*colloquialism, *ko.lō'kwē.a.liz''um, n.* A word or phrase peculiar to the language of common conversation.

363 SPADINA AVE
YOUR CAMPUS STORE

ALL STUDENTS
WELCOME
EVEN
ENGINEERS



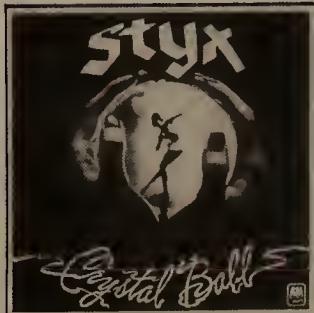
ALL

\$4.44

FROM



GOOD THRU OCT 30/76



for those special
occasions



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AND HILLCREST MALL IN RICHMOND HILL.

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